

THE PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

BY S. CLARK.]

"Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures."

[\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 2.

PERRYSBURG, WOOD COUNTY, OHIO, MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1854.

NO. 3.

The Age of the Patriarchs.

Some have not hesitated seriously to ascribe to our forefather Adam, the height of nine hundred yards, and the age of almost a thousand years. But the accurate and rational investigation of modern philosophy, has converted the supposed bones of giants, found in different parts of the earth, into those of the elephant and rhinoceros; and acute theologians have shown that the chronology of the early ages was not the same as that used at present. Some, particularly Hensler, have proved, with the highest probability, that the year, till the time of Abraham, consisted only of three months; that it was afterwards extended to eight; and that it was not till the time of Joseph, that it was made to consist of twelve. These assertions are, in a certain degree, confirmed by some of the eastern nations, who still reckon only three months to the year; and besides, it would be altogether inexplicable why the life of man should have been shortened one-half immediately after the flood. It would be equally inexplicable why the patriarchs did not marry till their sixtieth, and even hundredth year; but this difficulty vanishes when we reckon these according to the before mentioned standard, which will give the twentieth or thirtieth year; and, consequently, the same periods at which people marry at present. The whole, therefore, according to this explanation, assumes a different appearance. The sixteen hundred years before the flood will become four hundred and fourteen; and the nine hundred years (the highest recorded) which Methuselah lived, will be reduced to two hundred—an age which is not impossible, and to which some men in modern times have nearly approached.—[Dr. Van Orden.]

The old story, that no creature can live on or near the Dead Sea, is exploded. The last traveler in that region, a French savant, writes as follows: "From the summit of the mountain which we have just described, this strange sea, which all writers describe as presenting the most dismal aspect, appeared to us as a splendid lake, glittering in the sunshine, with its blue waves gently breaking on the sands of the softest beach. Through the transparent water appeared a white tint, which enlivened the shore. We guessed at once that this appearance was owing to the salt crystallized under water, and, when near, we find that our conjecture is right. Are we now to be convinced that no living thing can exist on the shores of the Dead Sea, as has so often been repeated? We ascertain the contrary fact the very moment we touch the shore. A flock of wild ducks rises before us and settles on the water out of gunshot, where they begin sporting and diving with perfect unconcern. As we advance, beautiful insects show themselves on the gravelly beach; rooks are flying and screaming among the rent cliffs of the steep hills which border the lake. Where, then, are all those poisonous vapours which carry death to all who venture to approach them? Where? In the writings of the poets, who have emphatically described what they had never seen. We are not yet five minutes treading the shores of the Dead Sea, and already all that has been said of it appears as mere creations of fancy. Let us then proceed fearlessly forward, for, if anything is to be dreaded here, certainly it is not the pestilential influence of the finest and most imposing lake in the world."—[Home Journal.]

By the Homestead bill, as it passed the House of Representatives, all foreigners, not residents of the United States at the time of its passage, are excluded from its bounty until they have become naturalized. Mr. Wade, in the House, moved to amend it by extending its provisions to all foreigners resident in any of the States, after making a declaration of their intention to become citizens. This was opposed by Mr. Dawson of Pennsylvania, and lost.

Would it not be wise in time for passengers on steamboats to satisfy themselves of the facilities afforded them in a moment of danger by fire, collision or storm? Although the Local Inspectors grant no Certificate of Inspection to steamers carrying passengers, until they are satisfied they are provided, amongst other things, with a metallic life boat, suitable floats for deck passengers, with steps from the lower to the upper deck, and a life preserver for each berth in the cabins, yet they may be so placed on board that they may not be found or not be accessible when wanted. To inform passengers of what they have on board to rely on, the Local Inspectors have had cards struck, to be conspicuously placed in the cabin so as to be read, viz, "Notice to Passengers: Life Preservers will be found hanging up in the rooms, or under the head of each bed. They are adjusted by slipping the arms through the wire rings, similar to putting on a jacket, and buckling the straps across the breast. The life boat and floats are to be found on the hurricane deck. The doors and blinds can be lifted off the hinges and make good life preservers; also the cotton mattresses."

A Miss Mary B. Williams, says the Boston Atlas, who has come out strongly in favor of women adopting the male costume altogether, remarks that there need be no fears but that the men will be able to distinguish their sex soon enough, despite the disguise. If the he creatures should experience any trouble that way, she advises them to adopt the distinguishing badge which nature has given them—"quit shaving their faces, and then the difficulty will be obviated."

At the depot a few days ago, says the Croton Mercury, we noticed a fellow seated near the door of one of the ladies apartments, with a few pounds of hair surrounding his mouth. A little boy on passing the room with his parents, on seeing the object, exclaimed, "oh mother, mother, just see that man with a cat in his mouth!"

A MAHOGANY BRIDGE.—One of the bridges built by the Nicaragua Transit Company, on the road leading from Lake Nicaragua to San Juan del Sud, is made entirely of Mahogany.

THE LARGEST HOG IN THE WORLD.—There is now on exhibition, free of charge, at the slaughter-house of Captain John Marsh, near the Brighton House, a monster hog, weighing 1,500 pounds.—[Cin. Enq.]

BOSTON, March 13.—An opinion was unanimously given this morning in the Supreme Court that the 19th section of the Liquor Law that provides for the seizure and destruction of liquors, was unconstitutional. This opinion does not effect the other sections of the law.

THE CHICKEN TRADE.—The Dubuque Herald states that: Twelve tons of Prairie Chickens were purchased at Cascade and vicinity a few days since by certain fowl speculators. It took twelve wagons to haul the birds to the railroad depot at Warren. The birds were packed in boxes without being plucked. As many as could be procured alive were purchased at high prices. The next General Assembly should interpose a game law to prevent the extermination of the feathery inhabitants of the Prairie.

"What have you done to further progress," asked a sententious philosopher the other day of Jenkins. Jenkins's reply was clear and decisive. "I've seven boys and two girls, sir." The philosopher departed, and for the first time in his life—thought.

A young lady, at breakfast, asked a gentleman to hand her the "hen fruit," indicating a plate of eggs. The gentleman suggested "Shanghai berries" as a more fastidious term.

Things that I Dislike.

I dislike to hear a married man call his wife "my old woman." There is nothing loving in the sound thereof. There are but few men, even of the number who make use of the above objectionable phrase, who, at a fair, would inquire: "Who wishes to buy my old horse?"

I dislike, when promenading the walks of a city, to have persons spit their tobacco-juice from the window of the second story of their houses. It is too flagrant a proof of what is sufficiently true without so strong a testimony, that men prefer their own convenience to that of others. This detestable practice is the more objectionable, inasmuch as best friends, and perhaps sweet-hearts, may be the sufferers.

I dislike to see persons, male or female, wipe their mouths (when at table) on the table-cloth, or spit upon the carpet. It is a gross violation of delicacy and manners, and is painfully disgusting to a truly refined man. I have seldom noticed this vulgar habit in females—it is most confined to my own sex. Men are frequently chargeable with a degree of carelessness in their manners, which would prove the certain ruin of a lady.

I could as well excuse a man for seating himself by my side, and spitting all over my coat and pantaloons, as for spitting upon my carpet or floor, or wiping his greasy mouth and fingers upon the clean table-cloth. Such abominable grossness savors too strongly of the animal whose name is so commonly used in comparison, to signify brutality in the lowest grade.

The superlative, royal arch degree in the spitting art, consists, not merely in spitting in the dining-room, in the parlor, in the cabin, or on the deck of a steamboat, but in the more perfect attainment of spitting on a hot stove, from which the exquisite flavor of roasted spittle may be enjoyed.

Plain spittle is bad enough, every decent man knows; but when seasoned with the horrid stench of tobacco-juice, the sublimity exceeds the descriptive powers of my poor, feeble pen.

By way of making but one job of this offensive subject, I have a complaint to make against a practice which is only excusable with sheep, and with poor children who have never been taught better, and who have no handkerchief for obviating the evil, and who would not know how to use one, if they had. There is no disguising the matter. I allude to the *snuffing of noses*. *Blowing* the nose is excusable, because it cannot be avoided; but *snuffing* the nose finds no apology in necessity, excepting as I have already said, with sheep and poor children, or poor children and sheep. Yet, how many young ladies have I seen, who have spent years in learning to play on the piano and to speak French, who, nevertheless, have not learned to keep their noses still! This is not among the least of the many things that I dislike. Married ladies—dear me! what a streak of awe creeps through my veins! What rising emotions of veneration check the rude criticism in which I was about to indulge! When I speak of married ladies with reference to this subject, I dare not look up, lest a frown from the brow of some worthy signora, should blot out every spark of that temerity which is indicating the fault. But if they will snuff their noses, they must abide the reproof, nor have they much reason to complain, if, by way of retaliation, their husbands neglect to scrape the dirt from their shoes, before coming into the house; or even should they snore all night in their sleep, it would be difficult to tell, upon comparing accounts, on which side the balance of errors should be placed. Neatness is a virtue; therefore it may be seriously urged upon parents as a duty, to instruct their children, by their example as well as by precepts, to hold these maxims as of moral importance.

Never spit on the floor, carpet, or anything else that looks better clean than dirty.

Always keep your nose in good repair, whether at home or abroad. Never enter a house without first having scraped all the dirt from your shoes—not half of it, but all of it.

I dislike the company of dogs, in the parlor or dining-room. I would as soon associate with pigs and calves, as with puppies. There is no telling how much I have been annoyed by the favorite lap-dogs of those who have no other children to worship.

I dislike to hear stories told in company, unless they originate in facts of the most recent date, combining something of interest or wit. In nine cases out of ten, a story told to amuse a social circle, turns out to be "an old acquaintance," and which, instead of affording diversion to the company, requires to be sustained by an affected smile from those who are only glad that it is ended.

Among the things that I dislike when travelling and among strangers, is that (for the want of better accommodations at a better tavern,) of sleeping two in a bed, especially when there is no other temptation to it, than that of a long beard, dirty feet, a general external of doubtful cleanliness, and the blessing of a loud, constant and frightful snoring.

Snoring! My stars! what lady could think of marrying a man who snores in his sleep! I would almost as soon undertake to reconcile myself to one who used tobacco and profane language when awake. Nothing but the absolute necessity of the case, (the want of a better choice,) can justify a lady for uniting herself with one under the matrimonial yoke, who, independently of any additional burthen, is all but choked to death with the yoke which "single blessedness" had already placed upon his neck.

I dislike to see one, two, or more, clownish fellows stretched at full length on a country merchant's counter—a spectacle that may be daily witnessed in every inland town in the Union. The counter of a dry-goods store is not intended for the exhibition of swine, dead or alive; but the display of calicoes and cambrics for the inspection of the ladies. My patience! how much pork there is in the world!

When mild, persuasive means do fail
Severe reproofs, perchance, prevail.

I dislike to see boys hang on to the hindmost part of a stage coach, gig, or sleigh, when any one is driving along the street.—Parents, masters, and school-teachers who will knowingly permit this practice, are either ignorant of what constitutes the rules of decency, or shamefully indifferent to the observance of them. Boys, who indulge in this practice, deserve to be earnestly admonished for the first offence, and flogged for the second; and guardians who can witness the abominable rudeness with silent and thoughtless composure, deserve the same course of treatment themselves.

I dislike, when walking or riding by a farmer's house, to have a dog—large or small—run out of the yard into the street, and bark at me in a style that indicates a design to tear me or my horse, or both, in pieces.

When I am thus annoyed, I conclude that the owner of the saucy dog—who more than possible, is standing in the door, witnessing the scene—is no less destitute of manners, than is the cur that represents him; and that, if he had no dog to snarl and bark at travellers in his stead, he would do it himself. It would seem that the principal difference between the surly dog and his stupid master, consisted in the fact, that the animal with four legs manifests a spirit and energy that inspire him to the assault, while the other animal with only two legs, has but just life and sense of decency enough to stand or sit and look on with speechless indifference.

I dislike to see a man behind the counter in a milliner's shop. A man who makes it his business to assist his wife in selling bonnets, caps, ribbon and lace, is as much out